him, right was a psychological and moral phenomenon; law was a pattern of behavior accepted by the community as a just and obligatory standard. According to this theory, the state rests on the prevalence of certain concepts of what is good and evil, and a change in these concepts necessarily leads to changes in a political regime. Ultimately, political progress depends on progress in moral values. This philosophy was in harmony with my own feelings, and I very soon became a humble disciple in Petrazhitsky's intimate circle.

I felt very differently in the economics seminar led by an ambitious assistant professor who was particularly popular among radical students. At first I was impressed by the students' boldness in speaking, but, after listening for an hour, I discovered they all referred continuously to Karl Marx and a few others as infallible authorities. After some hesitation I asked to speak and began by remarking that history had vindicated certain assertions of Marx but had also revealed his errors. The listeners laughed, but at the same time were impressed by the volley of quotations I could hurl against my opponents.

Before the chairman adjourned the meeting, he asked me whether I would like to present a paper sometime during the year. I replied that I could offer a paper on psychological and historic premises of economic theory at the next meeting. Actually, I was very nervous, but I was determined not to appear frightened. And though my first paper firmly established my reputation at the University, I remained as lonely there as I had been in high school. In the seminar, the radical students disliked my disrespectful attitude toward Karl Marx. In Petrazhitsky's circle, I was a stranger because of my interest in economics, and especially in social problems.

In time my reading became more systematic. In the National Public Library I had access to the alcoves of books barred from general circulation by the censor. I remained an introvert bookworm, but I was shifting more and more from pure theory to books with a definite political orientation. After finishing a book, I asked myself what the author's practical conclusions and recommendations were, and was disappointed if he had none. Probably I was approaching a new intellectual crisis, like the one that had made me desert mathematics five years earlier. Moreover, I was tired of stocking my memory with other people's printed thoughts. Perhaps, without realizing it, I yearned for active association with living human beings. And at that time participation in the revolution seemed to be the simplest, most direct, and most dramatic form of such an association.

Russia was in turmoil. The revolutionary spirit prevailed in the University. In the entrance hall of the students' mess, the Social Democrats and Socialist Revolutionaries had desks for the collec-